Such harmony is in immortall ſoules,
But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſſely cloſe in it, we cannot heare it.
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with him a hymne,
With ſweeteſt touches pierce your miſtris eare,
And draw her home with Muſicke.

Muſicke playes.

Ieſ. I am neuer merry, when *I* heare ſweete Muſick.

Lor. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentiue:
For, do but note a wilde and wanton heard,
Or race of youthfull and vnhandled Colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing lowd,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they perchance but heare a Trumpet ſound,
Or any aire of muſicke touch their eares,
You ſhall perceiue them make a mutuall ſtand,
Their ſauage eies turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweete power of muſicke. Therefore the Poet
Did faine that Orpheus drew trees, ſtones, and floods.
Since nought ſo ſtockiſh hard and full of rage,
But muſicke for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no muſicke in himſelfe,
Nor is not moou'd with concord of ſweete ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoyles,
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
and his affections darke as *Terebus*:
Let no ſuch man be truſted. Marke the Muſicke.

Enter Nerriſſa and Portia.

Por. That light we ſee is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candle throwes his beames,
So ſhines a good deede in a naughty world.

Ner. When the Moone ſhone we did not ſee the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leſſe.
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a King,

Vntill a King be by, and then his ſtate
Empties it ſelfe, as doth an in-land brooke
Into the maine of waters: Muſicke, harke.

Ner. It is your muſicke Madam of the houſe.

Por. Nothing is good I ſee without reſpect,
Methinkes it ſounds much ſweeter then by day.

Ner. Silence beſtowes that vertue on it Madam.

Por. The Crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the Larke,
When neither is attended: and I thinke
The Nightingale if ſhe ſhould ſing by day
When euery Gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a Muſitian then the Wren.
How many things by ſeaſon, ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe, and true perfection.
Peace, how the Moone ſleepes with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiu'd of *Portia*.

Por. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes
The Cucko, by the bad voyce.

Lor. Deere Lady, welcome home.

Por. We haue bin praying for our husband health,
Which ſpeed we hope the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Loren. Madam, they are not yet:
But there is come a Meſſenger before,
To ſignifie their comming.

Por. Go in *Nerriſſa*,
Giue order to my ſeruants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Ieſſica* nor you.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madame, feare you not.

Por. This night me thinkes is but the day light ſicke,
It lookes a little paler, tis a day,
Such as the day is when the Sunne is hid,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22297) LONDON, 1600 [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.31) Octavo